Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXV., No. 21. MONTREAL, MAY 25, 1900. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

KUTTENBERG CASTLE.

'Kuttenberg, in Bohemia, in the old days, was a favorite residence of emperors and kings. It was from here that the leader of the Taborites, Zizka, drove King Sigismund, and Kuttenberg was afterwards a favorite town of King George of Podiebrad. Its inhabitants of to-day reverence its past vigorous history, and their schools and institutions show an intellectual life that is yet full of vigor, and provocative of much thought to a stranger.

'The crowning beauty of Kuttenberg is the very remarkable church, or rather fragment of a church, dedicated to St. Barbara. It is really only the choir of a great cathedral, but this choir is so great in its proportions that it is nearly as large as some of our English cathedrals. The approach to it is along a terrace with a barrack on one hand and groups of Renaissance figures along the parapet on the other. The barrack was formerly a Jesuit college, and most of the Renaissance work in Kuttenberg is due to Jesuit influence.

'It was here that John Huss, in 1409, heard King Wenzel's judgment against him and his prophetic warning that he did not incur the 'proof of Fire.' Huss says Palacky, left Kuttenberg nearly hopeless, and fell into so terrible a sickness that men doubted for his life.

'In 1419, the miners of Kuttenberg, then the second town in Bohemia, were the most terrible enemies of the Chalicers, as the more moderate of the two Hussite parties were called. The name refers to the belief that the laity in the communion should take both the bread and wine.

'Leave was given to kill Hussites without trial and a reward offered of one schock of groschen (i.e., sixty shillings) for a lay heretic, and five schocks for a Hussite priest; and this had the effect of making the prisoners so numerous that some were burnt, others beheaded, and others thrown down the pit shafts. . . History asserts that no less than 5,496 human beings were hurled down one shaft.'—From 'Pictures from Bohemia.'

In Her Place.

(By Margaret P. Boyle, in 'Presbyterian Witness.')

Arthur Robinson was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. He had always been a good son to her, and because of his devotion, she loved him with that blind adoration which mothers often feel for an only child. He was all the world to her, and, if she thought at all upon the other side of the question, she supposed she was to him.

So she gave a little start of surprise as he said at breakfast one morning: 'Mother, I'd like to bring you some company this afternoon, may I?'

'Certainly, dear; who is it, one of the boys from the office?'

Arthur's face flushed as he answered: 'Oh, no, mother, it's Mr. Taylor's daughter, Mary. You know, Mr. Taylor has invited me there a good many times, and every time I went I liked her better, until, mother, I knew I couldn't be happy without her, and so I told her so, and she has promised to come here to stay some day. So I want to bring her to see you. I know you will like her. Aren't you glad?' he added in the boyish way his mother had always thought especially charming.

'I am always glad when you are happy, Arthur,' answered his mother. But her tone lacked the fervor that Arthur had expected.

So he went away a little disappointed. And all the morning Mrs. Robinson went sorrowfully about her simple household duties. These new hopes of Arthur's had been such a surprise to her. True, she had often heard him speak of going to Mr. Taylor's home to dinner and to spend the evening, but she had never thought that the Miss Taylor she had heard him mention was more to him than any other acquaintance. Mr. Taylor filled a responsible position in the office where Arthur was employed, commanded a large salary, and was able to give his family a much more luxurious home than this modest one of hers.

As she carefully washed and set away the delicate china which had been her mother's, she wondered how long it would be before they all were broken, for, of course, brought up as Miss Taylor had been she would know nothing of housekeeping.

Then, with the unselfishness which is such a beautiful characteristic of mother-love, she said: 'There, how silly I am! I chose for myself, and never regretted it, and I guess Arthur can do the same.' She must be a nice girl, or he wouldn't love her. So I'll do my best this afternoon.'

Accordingly she met them with her sweet and gracious courtesy, brought out slices of the pound cake on which she prided herself, and served tea in her delicate cups. But still Arthur was conscious that the call was not all he had hoped. The world in which his mother had lived was too different from Mary's for them to blend intimately.

Next day his mother praised her sweet face and stately form, and Arthur said: 'Yes, she is lovely, and when she is your daughter she will be such a help and comfort to you, mother.'

And the mother answered: 'Yes, I hope we'll all be very happy.'

'Indeed we will, mother dear, only three months more.'

The three months sped away, and one golden October day, in the presence of loving friends, Arthur Robinson and Mary Taylor made the solemn promises which were to affect their whole lives for better or for worse, and it was all over. Rather, it had just begun, for another new home was founded with all its almost limitless possibilities for good or ill.

As soon as Arthur brought his bride home, Mrs. Robinson resigned her place as mistress saying:

'Here, my dear, this is Arthur's house, and it is only right that you should be at its head. I'll try never to interfere with you, but if you want my advice, I will be glad to give it. However, I think you will get on nicely, for I have Lucy well trained now.'

'Thank you, I hope to,' answered young Mrs. Robinson.

Thus her mother-in-law, old Mrs. Robinson now, became an observer in the house where she had long been chief actor. From her quiet post of observation she began to see strange things. It seemed that Lucy's training on which she had so prided herself, had been all wrong. The very first day changes began.

'Don't set the table in that old-fashioned way, Lucy. It takes away my appetite to see it. Put the knives and forks here, like this.'

So Lucy began learning the new ways. All the dishes upon which Mrs. Robinson had prided herself, and whose preparation she had so carefully taught Lucy, were set aside, and concoctions from a modern cook-book were substituted. Mary had been taught a course at cooking-school, so thought advice quite unnecessary, though the family were in imminent peril of indigestion as a result of her crude efforts.

Arthur, like the average man, was very susceptible to well-cooked meals, and one day, when a more pronounced failure than usual appeared at the table he said:

'Mary, I wish you'd tell Lucy how to do this better, or get mother to show her.'

Mary answered: 'I am sorry you don't like it, dear.' But, she failed to explain that she would not let Lucy do it after her own way, and his mother said nothing because she knew it was useless. Then an uncomfortable silence settled over all three, and Arthur wondered to himself why his mother wasn't more helpful to Mary.

All Mrs. Robinson's cherished household goods were set away, also. Of course it was natural that Mrs. Arthur should want her wedding-gifts to have a prominent place, but there was room enough for both, and it did grieve the old lady when her cherished mahogany, her oil paintings, and the dainty china were banished to her own room. But for love of Arthur she kept quiet.

One day, however, came a more startling innovation. In the good old times she and Arthur had spent their leisure in the dining-room. It was large, cheerful and more home-like than the parlor. Moreover, who ever knew a woman of a generation ago to use her parlor except for callers and visitors. But Mrs. Arthur could not endure eating in a room that was used as a sitting-room. There was no reason why they couldn't sit upstairs when they were alone. So, though Arthur gave a mild protest, she won the day, and Arthur and his bride spent the evenings in their own room, while his mother must do likewise. Sometimes she joined them, but she felt that Mary was happier without her, and so her evenings were mostly solitary. And as she sat in her own room and listened to the gay laughter across the hall, she evolved a plan, which she soon broached to her son as follows: —

'Arthur, I think I'll go to stay with Cousin Maria for a while.'

'With Cousin Maria, mother? You used to say you always found her so wearying.'

'Oh, Maria has her good qualities,' answered his mother, evasively, 'and young people are better off alone.'

And so, though Arthur protested that his mother was a necessary part of his home, Mrs. Robinson was firm in her determination to go. Even Mary missed the dear old lady after her departure, and, on her occasional visits, tried to persuade her to stay. Still, she was very happy with Arthur; and when, one day, God sent a tiny Arthur the second to gladden their hearts, there seemed nothing more to be desired.

As she sat holding her boy, she used, after the manner of mothers, to plan for his future—what a great and good man he should be; he would care for his father and mother so tenderly in their old age, and, when one of them should be left alone, she knew her boy would bring that desolate parent to his own home, there with children and grandchildren to peacefully end his days. Then like a flash, came the thought, 'His wife may not like you in their home.' Then, for the first time, she put herself in Mrs. Robinson's place, and looked at the events of the past few months from her standpoint.

As a result of that review, she said, 'Yes, we'll do it this very morning, Arthur, boy. We'll surprise papa, and grandma, too. She hasn't seen you in three weeks, and I know she wants to.'

Old Mrs. Robinson was surprised to see her daughter-in-law and the wonderful baby. But she was still more astonished when that stately young lady kissed her tenderly and said, 'Can you ever forgive me, mother, dear? If you can, please get ready, for baby and I have come to take you home with us to stay; won't you please come?'

Being a wise woman, she asked for no explanation, but heartily returned the kiss, as she said: 'Certainly, dear; I'll stay as long as you want me.'

And to this day the Robinson home is one of the happiest I know, because the touch of baby fingers taught this young mother the lesson of putting herself in another's place.

Indian Famine Fund.

The following is copied from the 'Weekly Witness' of May 1:—

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated—		
Previously acknowledged	$268.00	
Archie C. Thompson	5.00	
Friend of Charity	2.00	
Peter Young	1.00	
Mrs. Margaret Streeter	5.00	
Catherine McDonald	2.00	
Beulah	2.00	
Maggie Thompson	1.00	
Mrs. J. V. Boyd	1.00	
Jonathan Montgomery	5.00	
R. and H. H.	2.00	
Mrs. Bond	2.00	
Friend C. E. Eaton	1.00	
W. W. Ross	1.50	
Edward Sproull	1.00	
James W. Boyde and family	2.00	
Frederick Wells	1.00	
Rockside Sunday-school	3.00	
Mrs. Jas. McClelland	25	
Opawaka Sunday-school, Miami, Man.	7.00	
Mrs. H. Hallstone	1.00	
Frank J. Hallstone	1.00	
C. Carden	1.00	
Sympathizer	1.50	
S. F. J.	2.00	
M. Chisholm	1.00	
Mrs. J. Cockerline	5.00	
W. E. Sutton	1.00	
J. H. McFarlane	4.00	
P. M.	1.00	
F. C.	2.00	
Some Members Derby Methodist Church, North Derby	3.00	
School Section, No. 15, Sydenham and St. Vincent	10.00	
Point Fortune Y.P.S.C.E.	6.00	
G. A. Farmer	10.00	
Flora McIntosh	2.00	
Mrs. J. Cavanagh	2.00	
White Rose Lodge I.O.G.T., Scott's Bay	7.00	
Joseph Broadwaite	4.00	
H. A. N.	2.00	
E. H. P.	2.00	
S. R.	2.00	
A Friend, Greenbush	.50	
Simplicity	1.00	
A Little Friend	.10	
Primary Department McGill Model School	5.75	
One who has plenty to eat	5.00	
A Friend, Smith's Falls	2.00	
Collected in Scotstown, Que., per R. B. Scott—		
C. W. B. French	$2.00	
A Friend	.50	
Another Friend	1.00	
Roderick Smith	.50	
D. G. McDonald	2.00	
P. Scott	.25	
J. E. Letellier	.25	
Pierre Leblond	.25	
Mary Scott	.25	
J. B. Scott	.10	
Liz.	.50	
	7.60	
Collected by Mrs. R. O Jennings and Mrs. W. A. Chisholm, from the people of Fort Steele	30.51	
Collected by Jennie W. Currie, Eel River Crossing, N.B.—		
Douglas C. McNair, Campbellton	$1.00	
M. A. Currie, Eel River	1.00	
D. R. Currie, Eel River	1.00	
A. B. B., Eel River	1.00	
Wm. Currie, Eel River	1.00	
Mrs. Wm. Currie, Eel River	1.00	
Mrs. John Henderson, Eel River	.50	
John M. Cool, Campbellton	50	
Alexander Cool, Campbellton	.50	
A. B. C., Eel River	.25	
L. I. Currie, Eel River	.25	
Mrs. Brown, Eel River	.25	
Mrs. Hedley Atkinson, Eel River	.25	
Mrs. J. D. Sargeant, Eel River	.25	
Jas. Martin, Charlo	.25	
	9.00	
From Bloomfield Epworth League, Collected by Howard H. Nye, president—		
Howard H. Nye	$1.00	
T. Dee Stokoe	.50	
G. R. Stokoe	.25	
J. A. Carpenter	1.00	
Mrs. Charles Alterton	.25	
Mr. Chas. Cheney	1.00	
Nora A. Cheney	1.00	
Mrs. H. A. Stokoe	.25	
Mr. Robt. Wilson	.25	
Mr. Alex. Strong	.25	
Mr. Frank Jewett	.25	
G. H. Stokoe	.50	
Mr. Hubert London	.25	
Clara A. Stokoe	.30	
	7.05	
Collected by Mrs. E. A. Stokoe—		
E. A. Stokoe	.10	
Mary Stokoe	.10	
Mrs. Wallace Black	.10	
Joseph Cluff	.10	
Mary Wasson	.15	
Jarvis Lindsay	.10	
W. H. Bencon	.25	
Mrs. Chas. Murphy	.10	
Mrs. Wm. Lindsay	.10	
Mrs. John Lindsay	.10	
Mr. Albert Wasson	.25	
Mr. R. B. Black	.25	
Mr. W. J. Hamilton	.25	
Mr. J. T. Hamilton	.25	
Mrs. J. T. Hamilton	.25	
Mr. Nelson Black	.10	
Mrs. W. E. Black	.10	
Mr. Ed. Black	.05	
Vinal McLeavy	.10	
Mrs. Alma Stokoe	.25	
Mr. W. A. Jewett	.15	
Vinal McLeary	.10	
Mrs. Frank Black	.25	
Mr. James Flemming	.25	
	3.95	
Collected by Winnie F. Boast, Trenholm, Que.—		
L. Brock	.05	
G. Brock	.05	
L. Rolfe	.10	
M. Houliston	.15	
Mrs. Barker	.05	
Jas. Brown	.10	
L. Barrie	.10	
Mrs. L. Brock	.05	
R. Armitage	.25	
Jos. Boast	.10	
J. Armstrong	.05	
Rupert E. Davies	.10	
G. Ginn	.05	
E. Hall	.10	
Miss Hunton	.10	
Mrs. Dickson	.10	
	1.59	
Collected by Fred. Stevens, Trenholm, Que.:		
Mrs. Stevens	.25	
Mr. Stevens	.25	
Mr. G. Hutton	.15	
M. A. Bradford	.10	
W. G. Trenholm	.25	
Basil Brock	.10	
Gladys Brock	.10	
Arthur Mora	.05	
Fred. Stevens	.05	
	1.30	
Collected by Florence M. Brock, Trenholm, Que.:		
Stanley Boast	.10	
L. Brock	.05	
G. L. Brock	.10	
Edmond Brock	.10	
Mrs. L. Brock	.10	
Florence May Brock	.05	
S. J. Brock	.05	
Mrs. R. Brock	.05	
Mrs. James Brown	.10	
Mrs. R. Towne	.05	
Miss C. Dickson	.10	
Arthur Latham	.20	
	1.05	
Collected by H. Moss—		
Mrs. Trenholme	.45	
Mrs. Rick	.10	
Mrs. G. Armitage	.25	
Mrs. Geo	.10	
Miss H. Moss	.25	
Mrs. Thomas Burrill	.25	
Webbe Burrill	.25	
Lina Lyster	.25	
Mrs. Martin	.10	
Ethel Martin	.05	
Mr. N. Lyster	.25	
Miss Blunt	.25	
Mrs. Pye	.10	
E.B.	.50	
Mrs. James Dickson, supt., Sunday school	1.00	
	4.15	
J. Palmer & Son	10.00	
Total	$473.70	
Less divided in proportion to designated amounts received as follows:		
Can. Presbyterian Mission	$117.90	
Christian Alliance Mission	89.90	
American Board of Missions	26.15	
Methodist Episcopal Missions	9.80	
Southern India (G. S. Eddy)	24.25	
	268.00	
Total	$205.70	

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Christian Alliance Mission in Gujerat.	
Previously acknowledged	$1,712.20
A Friend, Basil, Ont.	.51
Mrs. Oswald Sorby	2.00
J.R.	5.00
Little Helpers' Mission Band of South Brookfield	3.00
Birchton Union Sunday school	3.00
Collected by Mrs. Charles Miller, Perth, Ont:—	
Chas. Millar	$1.00
Samuel Grierson	.50
Mrs. George Cherrie	.25
Mrs. Geo. Cherrie, jr.	.25
John McKay	1.00
George McKay	.50
A. Park	.50
M. Brownlee	.50
Alice Gallagher	.25
Mrs. J. Gallagher	.25
Thomas Lully	.50
Mrs. James McVeety	.25
James Hughes	.50
Mrs. N. McVeety	.25
Mrs. Henry McVeety	.50
Henry Best	.50
A. Gallagher	.75
James Grierson	1.00
Grace Millar	.15
	9.40
Part of undesignated amounts	39.90
Total	$1,325.01

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN DEUTERONOMY.

May 27 Sun.—By every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live.

May 28, Mon.—Forget not the Lord thy God.

May 29, Tues.—As a man chasteneth his son so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee.

May 30, Wed.—Remember the Lord thy God.

May 31, Thurs.—It is he that giveth thee power to get wealth.

June 1, Fri.—Ye believed him not.

June 2, Sat.—Be strong.

BUYS AND GIRLS

Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

The week that followed was a happy one for us all; but for the mother it was full to the brim with joy. Her sweet face was full of content, and in her eyes rested a great peace. Our days were spent driving about among the hills, or strolling through the maple woods, or down into the tamarack swamp, where the pitcher plants and the swamp lilies and the marigold waved above the deep moss. In the evenings we sat under the trees on the lawn till the stars came out and the night dews drove us in. Like two lovers, Graeme and his mother would wander off together, leaving Jack and me to each other. Jack was reading for divinity, and was really a fine, manly fellow, with all his brother's turn for Rugby, and I took to him amazingly; but after the day was over we would gather about the supper table, and the talk would be of all things under heaven—art, football, theology. The mother would lead in all. How quick she was, how bright her fancy, how subtle her intellect, and through all a gentle grace, very winning and beautiful to see!

Do what I would, Graeme would talk little of the mountains and his life there

'My lion will not roar, Mrs. Graeme,' I complained,' 'he simply will not.'

'You should twist his tail,' said Jack.

'That seems to be the difficulty, Jack,' said his mother, 'to get hold of his tale.'

'Oh, mother,' groaned Jack; 'you never did such a thing before! How could you? Is it this baleful Western influence.'

'I shall reform, Jack,' she replied brightly.

'But, seriously, Graeme,' I remonstrated, 'you ought to tell your people of your life—that free, glorious life in the mountains.'

'Free! Glorious! To some men, perhaps!' said Graeme, and then fell into silence.

But I saw Graeme as a new man the night he talked theology with his father. The old minister was a splendid Calvinist, of heroic type, and as he discoursed of God's sovereignty and election, his face glowed and his voice rang out.

Graeme listened intently, now and then putting in a question, as one would a keen knife-thrust into a foe. But the old man knew his ground, and moved easily among his ideas, demolishing the enemy as he appeared, with jaunty grace. In the full flow of his triumphant argument, Graeme turned to him with sudden seriousness.

'Look here, father! I was born a Calvinist, and I can't see how any one with a level head can hold anything else, than that the Almighty has some idea as to how he wants to run his universe, and he means to carry out his idea, and is carrying it out; but what would you do in a case like this? Then he told him the story of poor Billy Breen, his fight and his defeat.

'Would you preach election to that chap?'

The mother's eyes were shining with tears.

The old gentleman blew his nose like a trumpet, and then said gravely—

'No, my boy, you don't feed babes with meat. But what came to him?'

Then Graeme asked me to finish the tale. After I had finished the story of Billy's final triumph and of Craig's part in it, they sat long silent, till the minister, clearing his throat hard and blowing his nose more like a trumpet than ever, said with great emphasis—

'Thank God for such a man in such a place! I wish there were more of us like him.'

'I should like to see you out there, sir,' said Graeme admiringly; 'you'd get them, but you wouldn't have time for election.'

'Yes, yes!' said his father warmly! 'I should love to have a chance just to preach election to these poor lads. Would I were twenty years younger!'

'It is worth a man's life,' said Graeme earnestly. His younger brother turned his face eagerly toward the mother. For answer she slipped her hand into his and said softly, while her eyes shone like stars—

'Some day, Jack, perhaps! God knows.' But Jack only looked steadily at her, smiling a little and patting her hand.

'You'd shine there, mother,' said Graeme, smiling upon her; 'you'd better come with me.' She started and said faintly—

'With you?' It was the first hint he had given of his purpose. 'You are going back?'

'What! as a missionary?' said Jack.

'Not to preach, Jack; I'm not orthodox enough,' looking at his father and shaking his head; 'but to build railroads and lend a hand to some poor chap, if I can.'

'Could you not find work nearer home, my boy?' asked the father; 'there is plenty of both kinds near us here, surely.'

'Lots of work, but not mine, I fear,' answered Graeme, keeping his eyes away from his mother's face. 'A man must do his own work.'

His voice was quiet and resolute, and glancing at the beautiful face at the end of the table, I saw in the pale lips and yearning eyes that the mother was offering up her firstborn, that ancient sacrifice. But not all the agony of sacrifice could wring from her entreaty or complaint in the hearing of her sons. That was for other ears and for the silent hours of the night. And next morning when she came down to meet us her face was wan and weary, but it wore the peace of victory and a glory not of earth. Her greeting was full of dignity, sweet and gentle; but when she came to Graeme she lingered over him and kissed him twice. And that was all that any of us ever saw of that sore fight.

At the end of the week I took leave of them, and last of all of the mother.

She hesitated just a moment, then suddenly put her hands upon my shoulders and kissed me, saying softly, 'You are his friend; you will sometimes come to me?'

'Gladly, if I may,' I hastened to answer, for the sweet, brave face was too much to bear; and till she left us for that world of which she was a part, I kept my word, to my own great and lasting good When Graeme met me in the city at the end of the summer, he brought me her love, and then burst forth—

'Connor, do you know, I have just discovered my mother! I have never known her till this summer.'

'More fool you,' I answered, for often had I, who had never known a mother, envied him his.

'Yes, that is true,' he answered slowly; 'but you cannot see until you have eyes.'

Before he set out again for the west I gave him a supper, asking the men who had been with us in the old 'Varsity days. I was doubtful as to the wisdom of this, and was persuaded only by Graeme's eager assent to my proposal.

'Certainly, let's have them,' he said; 'I shall be awfully glad to see them; great stuff they were.'

'But I don't know, Graeme; you see—well—hang it!—you know—you're different, you know.'

He looked at me curiously.

'I hope I can still stand a good supper, and if the boys can't stand me, why, I can't help it. I'll do anything but roar, and don't you begin to work off your menagerie act—now, you hear me!'

'Well, it is rather hard lines that when I have been talking up my lion for a year, and then finally secure him, that he will not roar.'

'Serve you right,' he replied, quite heartlessly; 'but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll feed* Don't you worry,' he added soothingly; 'the supper will go.'

And go it did. The supper was of the best; the wines first-class. I had asked Graeme about the wines.

'Do as you like, old man,' was his answer; 'it's your supper, but,' he added, 'are the men all straight?'

I ran them over in my mind.

'Yes; I think so.'

'If not, don't you help them down; and anyway, you can't be too careful. But don't mind me; I am quit of the whole business from this out.' So I ventured wines, for the last time, as it happened.

(To be Continued.)

A Queer Little Deep Sea Fisherman.

He needs no comforter or mits,
This toiler of the deep,
Nor helmet warm, or steering gloves,
His lonely watch to keep,

For when at morn he takes his stand
His calling to pursue,
He dons a covering wherein
He's wholly lost to view.

The mud and sand he stirs and stirs
To form a sort of screen,
And hidden thus no soul could guess
What there was to be seen!

Then mid the flowing tide he lifts
Three baited rods on high,
For well he knows their glittering tips
Will draw the curious fry.

And underneath in readiness,
His great mouth opened wide,
This cunning fisherman awaits
Whatever may betide.

They come, they go, they look, they long;
Oh, foolish little fish,
Ye little know what danger lies
In gaining what ye wish!

'Tis mine, 'tis mine,' their leader cries,
'Mine is the glittering prize,'
When lo! around them mud and sand
And deeper darkness rise.

And only one, a little sprat,
Now lone and desolate,
Escaped to tell how they were caught,
And mourn their cruel fate.

—E. G. Stuart, in 'Toilers of the Deep.'

When I was about five years old my father used to smoke a great deal. He saw that this was ruining his health. He made up his mind that every time he would go to buy a cigar he would keep that money and put it in my bank and in a short time he had broken himself of the habit and he was a healthier man and my bank was richer.—'Union Signal.'

A Poor Boy Next a Throne.

(Charles E. Burton, in 'Success.')

'I am poor, unknown and friendless,' thought Ti Yin, of Quong Si, 'and it is more than twelve hundred miles to Pekin, where the great civil service examination will be held a month hence; but what is a walk of twelve hundred miles to a healthy youth with an ambition for a government office, and in China who ever heard of poverty and lack of influence standing in the way of merit?

'From earliest childhood I have studied diligently, and have improved every opportunity to increase my store of learning. I feel that I am worthily prepared, and why may I not hope to take the first degree, or, possibly, the second degree of Tszin S. S.? I sometimes think that I should not presume too much if I should try to get the third degree of Han Lin, or even, perhaps, that of Chung Yuen, highest of all and honored throughout the Empire. I will go and do my best.'

Ti knew that intellect, not 'influence,' secures promotion in his native land, and that the avenues to station and power are open to all alike.

But he also knew that, while in America young men are graduated from college in three or four years, their education 'finished,' in China there is no limit to a collegiate course except that of a very long life or transcendent mental power. None but a prodigy can hope for graduation in ten years. Even then he has merely taken his first degree, and another course of at least three years is necessary before he can hope for the second. If he passes the examination successfully for the second degree, he can study for a third in a still higher college, but if he fails he must review his work for three years and then try again.

Thus he progresses until he at length surpasses all competitors and becomes a 'Chung Yuen,' that is, the greatest scholar of his generation.

If he takes one degree at each examination he will probably be forty years of age before he becomes a Chung Yuen, but very few of forty have taken the second degree; indeed, many earnest men of fifty are still working hard for their first. But Ti Yin had studied as very few young men ever study, and felt that it was no idle dream for him to hope for at least one or two degrees. So he made the necessary arrangements and started for Pekin, on foot and alone.

Long and weary was the journey; but the young student, although poorly clad, gaunt from hunger, and footsore from his month's tramp, was received with as much consideration as the wealthiest competitor.

The aspirants were locked in separate compartments, with nothing but the list of questions, blank paper and ink, and the plainest food and water. They were treated kindly, but with such consideration as is usually shown to prisoners.

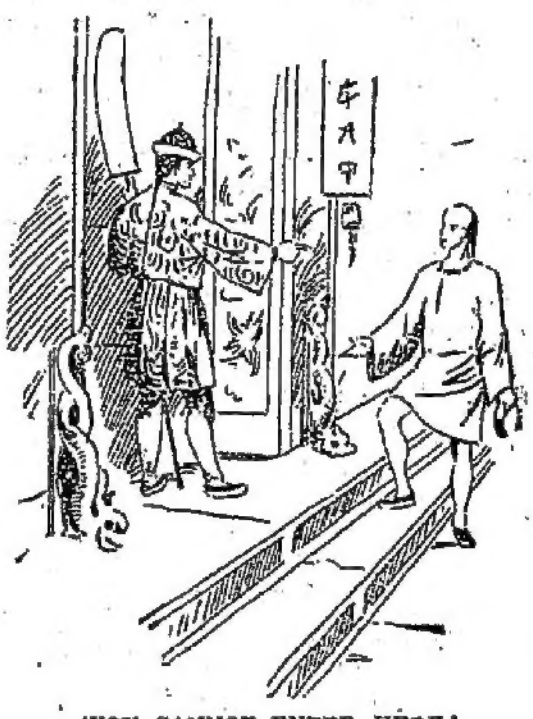
Ti Yin remained long enough to hand in a full set of essays; but he had spent his last penny, and was forced to leave before the awards were made, too tired and sick to give more than passing thought to what he had come to consider a waste of time and effort. So despondent had he become that he had almost determined to commit suicide. Yet more from instinct than from settled purpose he started to work his way homeward.

'What is the matter?' asked a kind-hearted waiter at a little inn where Ti stopped for a few minutes' rest; 'your sorrowful looks would add gloom to a funeral.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Ti Yin, with a sigh, 'I have studied for years for the civil service examination, and have undergone great hardship to attend it, only to find myself forced to withdraw before the decision for lack of money, and probably without having won a degree, so unfitted was I, by my long walk without sufficient food, to do myself even scant justice.'

'Never mind,' said the waiter, 'I will tell the inn-keeper, who is a kind man, and he may find a way to aid you.'

'Yes,' said the landlord, when he had heard



'YOU CANNOT ENTER HERE.'

the story, 'you shall be my assistant clerk until you can earn enough to proceed homeward in tolerable comfort. So cheer up! Things are bad, but not so bad as they might be.' So Ti Yin took heart, donned an apron, and was soon known as one of the most polite and faithful waiters who had ever served at the inn tables. It was a new experience, but he learned quickly.

'It is one of the very oddest things that ever happened,' Ti heard a stranger remark at dinner nearly a month later; 'when the highest degree of Chung Yuen was awarded at the recent examination, no one appeared to claim it, so the Emperor dispatched his special herald to Quong Si, the home of the successful candidate, but he could not be found there, and the Emperor feels very anxious for his safety.'

'But what name, sir?' asked the astonished

'HAVE I NOT BORNE HUMILIATION ENOUGH?'

restaurant clerk, in tones of surprise which attracted the attention of all.

'What concern is that of yours, you young intruder,' asked one of the aristocratic guests; 'you seem to have a brotherly sympathy for the Emperor's anxiety.'

'Ti Yin is the name of our new Imperial Councillor,' said another guest, a little more civil than his fellows. 'But why do you ask? Do you claim the honor of his acquaintance?'

The young clerk withdrew modestly, without replying, made himself as presentable as possible with limited means, excused his departure to the innkeeper, and hastened to report to the Department of Ceremonies.

'You cannot enter here,' said the guard.

'But I have important business to attend to,' said Ti, 'and must have immediate audience with his Majesty, the Emperor.'

'Begone,' shouted the guard, as he drove the ragged stranger from the gate; 'this is no place for vagrants.'

Ti Yin soon returned and renewed his request for an audience, but was arrested and imprisoned as a dangerous character. He remained in confinement for some time, while outside the whole Empire was in a ferment over the strange disappearance of the new 'Chung Yuen,' who had not been seen during the month or more which had elapsed since the examination.

'General!' exclaimed one of the prison guards, addressing the jailer, 'I beg you to liberate this inoffensive stranger and allow him to go his way in peace; for,' he added, 'my heart goes out to this man, who, I feel sure, is more sinned against than sinning. I will pledge my life that he is not one to do evil.'

'Well,' said the jailer, after enquiring carefully into the matter, 'I am willing to order his release; but first he must needs receive the corporal punishment due on account of his conviction for vagrancy and disturbing the peace.'

'Have I not borne humiliation enough?' cried Ti when he heard of this; 'tell your jailer that I, Ti Yin, am here basely confined, and that I command him to appear before me and in person loose these fetters from my limbs.'

'Oh! my master,' began the kind-hearted guard, as he knelt and clasped the knees of this distinguished charge; but at that moment the doors of the prison were thrown open, and his words were drowned by a laugh from the President of the Board of Ceremonies, who had just returned from a search for Ti Yin, and was overcome by the sight of an officer upon his knees before a prisoner. 'What is the meaning of all this?' he asked in surprise; but when he had heard the story he hurriedly descended from his chair of state.

'Mayest thou, O master, live a thousand years!' he exclaimed, kneeling very reverently at the feet of the celebrated scholar.

'Imagine the picture,' says a writer in 'Harper's Magazine,' 'the still manacled prisoner; the kneeling officers; the crowd of awe-struck on-lookers; the death-like silence in that gloomy prison-room! Could there be imagined a greater tribute to knowledge and education than was there expressed?—the physical power of a great nation doing homage to the intellectual power of an individual! Although trite, still is true the proverb that "knowledge is power."'

'Permit me to remove these disgraceful fetters from the limbs they profane!' exclaimed one of the more thoughtful attendants, when the humiliating sense of having through stupidity done offence to one whom they loved and respected had partially subsided.

'No!' said Ti Yin, proudly but firmly, 'he who put them on, and he alone, has the right to remove them.'

'I beg your forgiveness for bringing disgrace upon so illustrious and noble a man,'

said the general in command of the prison, greatly troubled at acknowledging himself the true offender, yet seeing no escape from confessing his complicity in the egregious blunder; 'I trust you will overlook the offence, in your wisdom, for I assure you that I would have been the last man in the Empire to consent knowingly to such an indignity.'

'Rise!' commanded Ti Yin, graciously; but he sternly added: 'Never again act hastily in matters pertaining to the duties of your office, or render less willing aid to those appearing poor and helpless than to those whom you know to be both rich and powerful. It is the greatest wrong of all. The tears of the helpless and oppressed shall be garnered in heaven, and poured out in fiery vengeance upon the oppressor's head, and her ears will refuse to listen to impious prayer. Go in peace.'

Ti was conducted in state to a palace, where he was duly installed as Imperial Councillor, the highest dignitary in the land, save only the Emperor. The story of his long and wise rule occupies many pages.

His name is often quoted by Chinamen who wish to show with what security a scholar in their country can base his hopes upon his merit, 'knowing that, if living, his honors will search him out, and that, if dead, no other can rob him of his reward.' The law expressly declares that in cases of this kind 'the honors shall not be declared forfeited until a period of three years shall have elapsed after the declaration of the name of the successful competitor.'

The Trick on Old Jerry.

(Willis S. Meade.)

I doubt if there lived in Grand Ledge a man who disliked boys worse than did old Jerry Hicks. Living by himself, he seemed to think that every boy he knew was watching for a chance to do him harm. If a boy happened to look at his apples, or ask for a pear, he would receive a fierce glare from Jerry, or the old man would reply: 'No, sir, ye can't have any. You're a thieving lot, and if I catch ye on my premises I'll take the law on ye.' Poor old Jerry! Naturally quick tempered, he had been tormented by mischievous boys, and imposed upon by unscrupulous neighbors, until his ill-temper had become chronic, and he seemed constantly looking for some object upon which to vent his spite.

One morning in early autumn, as Arthur Scott and Lewis Welborn were passing Jerry's place on their way to school, they saw the old man in his orchard, picking up his apples. The damp autumn weather had brought on the rheumatism, and the old fellow was a pitiable object as he scuffled about with his cane.

'Let's ask him for some apples,' said Arthur, who had lived in the village but a short time and knew little about Jerry's disposition, 'he seems to have a good many.'

His companion laughed, and said: 'You may ask, but I don't believe you'll get any. You might try, though,' he added quickly. He knew the request would put Jerry in a rage, and being of a mischievous nature, he never let pass an opportunity to annoy the old man.

'Come on, then,' said Arthur, starting toward the orchard.

'You'd better go alone,' replied Lewis, 'as he don't like me very well.'

Jerry was bending over picking apples and he had not noticed the approach of the boys. Leaving Lewis standing in the road, Arthur walked up to Jerry, and asked in a respectful voice: 'Can I have some apples, Mr. Hicks?'

At the sound of Arthur's voice Jerry straightened up as quickly as his aching limbs would permit, and in a harsh voice answered:

'No, sir, ye can't. And if ye don't get out of here at once I'll take my cane to ye,' shaking it menacingly in Arthur's face. Evidently the rheumatism had not softened his temper.

Arthur did not wait to see if the threat would be carried out, but quickly rejoined Lewis. That youth was highly elated at Jerry's 'fit,' as he called it, and said:

'He's such a cross, stingy old curmudgeon, that I like to see him get mad once in a while.'

As they proceeded on their way to school Lewis thought of a plan to get even with old Jerry for refusing them apples. While not a bad boy at heart he was inclined to be thoughtless of the rights of others, if thereby he could gratify his love of fun.

'Say,' he said to Arthur, 'let's talk to some of the boys, and get up a party to go and play some trick on him. Did you notice, as we came along, that his old waggon stood in the yard? Well, we can go there quietly to-night and run it down-hill into the creek. Wouldn't he be mad though when he found it out,' and Lewis laughed gleefully as he imagined the old man's rage when he discovered the trick.

To this Arthur did not at once assent, not feeling sure what his mother would think about it, being one of those boys who are wise enough to make a confidante of their mother. All the other boys, however, when spoken to, readily assented to be present that evening to help carry out the joke. Arthur, after some urging, also promised to come, quieting his misgivings of what his mother would think, by the thought, 'We won't do him any harm, anyway.' The place assigned for the meeting was a large oak tree not far from Jerry's place.

While eating his supper that evening Arthur told his mother about his experience with Jerry, in the morning, 'but,' he added, 'we are going to have a little fun with him this evening to pay him back.'

'Who is "we," my son?' asked his mother.

'Oh, several of us boys.'

'What is the nature of your "fun"?'

'Well,' said Arthur uneasily, 'I'll have to tell you all about it, as I always tell you everything,' and he then told his mother about what the boys intended doing.

'Do you think that is hardly fair?' asked his mother, quietly, 'to go when the old man is asleep and run his waggon into the creek, making him considerable trouble to recover it again?'

'It isn't doing him any harm, besides he's no business being so mean and cross, anyway,' replied Arthur, seeking to find an excuse for the act, as his mother's searching questions made him uncomfortable.

'If some of the stories I hear about how he is tormented are true, I think he has good reason to be cross.'

Arthur's mother was a widow, and he her only child. She had tried earnestly to bring him up so that he would be a comfort to her in her old age. She had succeeded well, for Arthur was as manly, honest and truthful a boy as a mother could wish for, but he was now fifteen years old, and must begin to exercise his own judgment in such matters. Mrs. Scott knew she could not always keep him near her, nor did she wish to. There was life's battle to be fought, and the sooner he was taught to decide for himself between what was manly and honorable and what was not, the better it would be for him.

'It's pretty near time for me to meet the boys, and I must be going,' said Arthur, hesitatingly as his mother made no further remarks.

'Well, my son, I do not wish to deprive you of any innocent pleasure, but it looks to me like very poor kind of fun—a lot of boys against one crippled old man. Would it not be better if you did something to show that you always did to others as you would have them do to you, even if they did not follow that rule themselves?'

Arthur did not answer this question, but left the house, thinking to himself: 'I wish mother was not so particular about such little things. Still,' he added, half aloud, 'it don't seem right,' for the boys to bother Jerry so, even if he is cross and stingy. I guess it's true what mother says, and he has good reason to be.'

As Arthur walked briskly along in the bright moonlight he thought more about the matter, becoming more and more dissatisfied with himself for his share in the affair. 'Pshaw,' he said to himself, 'if I hadn't promised the boys to be there I'd turn around and go home.'

He was now nearing Jerry's place, and, as the old man's cornfield was near the road, Arthur saw that there were a good many shocks yet left to husk. 'I am afraid it will be pretty cold weather before Jerry gets his corn husked if he don't get someone to help him,' thought Arthur. 'A few smart boys in there for a short time would make things look—' then as a bright idea entered his mind, he involuntarily slackened his pace. 'Just the thing!' he said to himself. 'I wonder if the boys would do it. I'll try them, anyway,' and he hurried on to the place of meeting. The rest of the party had assembled and were waiting for him.

'You're rather late,' said Lewis, as Arthur came up. 'But come on, now; it's a fine night, and we'll do the job up in fine style.' Lewis started to lead the way, the others following. Arthur followed a few steps and then stopped. One of the boys noticed the act and said:

'What's the matter, Scott? Not going to back out, are you?'

At this the whole party halted, and Arthur said decisively: 'Yes, I am. I'm going to stop before we begin.'

'Why, what's the trouble?' asked Lewis, in a disappointed voice. 'You said you'd go.'

'I know it, but I've changed my mind. It doesn't seem fair for a lot of us boys to play such a trick at night on a poor, crippled old man.'

'It doesn't seem hardly right, that's true,' exclaimed Harvey Gould, who was a general favorite with his companions.

'Well, what shall we do then?' asked Lewis. 'It's a little too cold to stand around here long.'

This was Arthur's opportunity. 'Say, boys,' he said, 'let's go over and husk the rest of his corn. You know he can't do much himself, and it will be winter soon. There are'—counting them—'nine of us, and we can soon husk what is left.'

'That's good, I like that,' said Malcolm Grant, a hearty Scotch youth, 'and I'll go, for one.'

'And I'll go,' exclaimed another. 'I guess old Jerry would be as much surprised to see his corn husked as he would be to see his waggon in the creek.'

'Faith, but he'd make different remarks though,' was the reply of Patsy Harrigan, a witty Irish boy.

The boys all assenting to the plan, Arthur

led the party to the cornfield, which was but a short distance away. When they reached it there were found to be twenty-seven shocks yet unhusked.

'Just three apiece, and I think we can finish them in two hours, and it is only about nine o'clock,' said Arthur, commencing on the first one.

Each of the boys followed his example, and it was not long before piles of golden ears lay glistening in the moonlight, which seemed to shed a brighter lustre, as it shone on this deed of peace and kindness. The boys did not notice the chill of the evening, as their fingers flew nimbly at the self-imposed task. With quiet talk and laughter, and low snatches of song, the two hours flew swiftly by, and the work was finished before the boys were aware of it.

'There,' said Lewis, after the stalks had been bound and set up, 'I guess old Jerry will open his eyes when he sees what we've done.'

Then with hearty 'good-nights,' each one went his respective way home. Arthur and Lewis went in the same direction, and as they parted at Arthur's gate, Lewis said, 'I'm glad you refused to help run the waggon into the creek to-night, Arthur. I feel a great deal better than I would have had we done that.'

'I don't deserve any credit,' said Arthur, 'It was my mother showed me what a mean thing it was to do.'

'But you had the courage to say so,' answered Lewis, bidding Arthur good-night.

The next morning Arthur told his mother all about the trick. 'I thought my son would see the matter in its true light,' she said proudly, 'and I am sure now that you know from experience how much better it is to return good for evil, than to show an evil spirit in return.' And Arthur felt that his mother was right.'

As for Jerry it was some time before he could believe that it was them 'thieving boys' that had saved him many a weary hour's labor. This act proved the beginning of many a friendship, in which the boys learned that outward appearances, however rough and forbidding, often conceal a warm and generous heart.—Michigan Christian Advocate.'

'There Go the Ships!'

'There go the ships!' Thus go the years—
But, fleeter far than fleetest ships,
As on we go, His presence cheers,
While, sounding forth from Jesus's lips—
When heart would quake, from fear of ill,
We hear his welcome 'Peace, be still!'

'There go the ships!' So pass the years
In quick succession, one by one;
We come, and go, with smiles and tears—
How rapidly the race is run!
Whate'er the coming days may fill,
Let Him aye whisper, 'Peace, be still!'

'There go the ships!' 'Mid flying years,
For Him we would our vigil keep,
To Jesus live till He appears—
'Awake! no time is this for sleep!
And as we seek to do his will,
We oft shall hear his 'Peace, be still!'

'There go the ships!' With fleeting years
We sail as from a foreign shore.
Each day the home-land harbor nears,
Where storms are hushed, to rise no more.
Glad joy shall all the ransomed thrill,
When He repeats it—'Peace, be still!'

—Douglas Russell, in the 'Christian.'

What Parthenia Did.

(Luella R. Spencer, in 'Success.')

'Where's Thenie?' Farmer Goodwin asked, glancing at the vacant chair at the dinner table.

'She went down in the orchard an hour ago,' Mrs. Goodwin replied, pouring three cups of steaming coffee, passing one to her husband, and one to each of their sons. 'I called her, but she don't seem to have ears when she gets to porin' over a book. I'm plum worried 'bout the child.'

'Why? Is she ailin'?'

'No; not 'specially. 'Tain't her health. It's that foolish idea she's always had in her head of studyin' medicine. The way she pores over any old doctor book she can find, beats all.'

Mr. Goodwin smiled all over his broad, good-natured face. 'Let her be, mother; it won't harm her none. I don't see as it's anything to worry over; jest harmless whilin' away of time; though I don't see what a young thing like her can find interestin' in such stuff.'

'If it stopped at whilin' off time, I shouldn't worry, but the child's in earnest, and is set and determined on makin' a doctor out of herself. She knows how I'm again such doin's, so she don't talk much about it; but every spare minute she's porin' over a book, and I know she don't think of nothin' else. She's a good girl, Thenie is, if she'd only settle down and be content with our life, like the other girls in the neighborhood, and not fret for things that can't never be hers.'

Mrs. Goodwin sighed heavily over what seemed to her a real trouble.

'A girl-doctor!' the good man chuckled. 'What do you boys think of lettin' a girl bring professional honors on the family?'

'Guess she'll have to bring 'em, if they're brought; eh, Sam?' said Jim, poking his elbow in his brother's side.

'I say let her go. We can get along with some honor, well as any family I know of,' answered Sam.

'Come, mother; don't let it take your appetite. Let me help you to some chicken and dressin'; it's uncommon fine to-day,'—and Mr. Goodwin loaded his wife's plate.

'I wish you'd talk right out plain to her, father, and settle the thing. It might as well be done first as last, and the sooner she gets that foolishness out of her head the better.'

'Well, I've finished my dinner. I guess I'll go out through the orchard, and send her in.'

The farmer put on his hat, and followed the path from the kitchen door down into the orchard, where, under a fruit-laden tree, sat the girl, so engrossed with her book as to be unaware of his presence. He stood a moment, watching the delicate face. How pale it was, he thought; but Thenie was always pale, so different from the boys. He took a step forward.

'Ain't you going to eat any dinner, Thenie?'

Parthenia started in surprise. 'Oh, is it you?' she said, smiling.

'What are you readin' that's so interestin'?' Mr. Goodwin continued, taking the book from her hand, and slowly turning its leaves.

'A book Dr. Richmond loaned me.'

'I don't see what you're botherin' your head over such stuff as this for. I've heard of girls settin' up nights to read novels, but I never heard of them porin' over a musty old doctor-book.'

'That is what I have been wishing to talk to you about, father. Sit down here a moment, please, and hear me out.' She made room for him on the seat beside her, and he sat down.

'I want to get your consent to my studying medicine,' she went on. 'Now, don't shake your head. I know you and mother don't believe in that sort of thing for women, but I think you will consent, when you know how much in earnest I am. I feel this to be my work in the world. Life would almost lose its meaning, without this hope of some day becoming a physician. Indeed, I must do it. I know you will never stand between me and what I feel to be duty.'

Mr. Goodwin sat in silent surprise. As he had said, he looked upon his daughter's love for the study of medicine as a harmless whiling away of time. He had never thought of it as a matter that was to affect her life.

Parthenia was wondering if he intended to make an answer, when he slowly spoke: 'I can't understand such feelin's, Thenie. I guess we ain't all made alike, but where you got such an idea beats me: 'Course, I don't want to stand in your way, but it seems so queer—a girl-doctor! If you'll be satisfied here at home, and give up this not'on, we'll do all we can to make you contented. I'll try to get you a ridin'-pony, and let you take music lessons—or anything.'

Parthenia looked at her father's anxious face, and her heart went out to him. She thought at that moment, were it possible, she would gladly give up all her plans for her parents' sake. But she felt it her duty to make of herself all she was capable of becoming, that she might better serve her generation.

'Father,' she said, gently, 'I am sorry I cannot do as you wish; but, if you understood, you would bid me God-speed.'

'Supposin' I consent, what good 'll it do? I can't help you to a college course. Jim and Sam are tryin' to pay for their eighties this year, and that leaves me slim.'

'I don't expect it, father. All I ask is your consent to my studying medicine, and becoming a physician if I can do so through my own exertions.'

'Well, seein' nothing else will satisfy you, I'll not hold out again it. If you must do it, I'd like to help you, but if I can't, I can't. I must go to work now. You'd better go in to dinner, and talk to mother.'

Parthenia returned to the house with a feeling almost of sadness. Her father had consented, but did not approve her course. The boys had returned to work, but Mrs. Goodwin still sat at the table. Putting her arms around her mother's neck, the girl whispered: 'Mother, dear, father has consented to my studying medicine, and now I only wait for your approval.'

'Consented! I thought he went out to put an end to all this dreaming.'

Parthenia sat down and talked earnestly of the things she had kept hidden in her heart; how she longed to become one of the world's workers, and fit herself for a wide field of usefulness.

'God bless you!' her mother said, at last.

Late in the afternoon, Parthenia walked into town on an errand for her mother. She took this opportunity of calling on her faithful friend, Dr. Richmond, who had been the family physician ever since she could remember. There was a strong bond of sympathy between this young girl and the gray-haired doctor, he being the only one who understood and approved of her striving after something more than her present life afforded. She told him of her parents' consent to her pursuing her chosen work. The two talked and planned for an hour, and Parthenia went home with a heart beating

high with hope. During the two weeks following, she said nothing of her plans, but went about her usual household tasks gladly and cheerfully. One day there came a letter for her. She had hardly read a dozen words when she began dancing about, exclaiming, 'Oh! oh! oh! I'm so glad.'

'What ails the child!' her mother exclaimed; while her father laid down his paper, and the boys looked up from their checkerboard.

'I have been accepted! I tell you I have been accepted by the insane hospital!'

'Well, I declare, sis,' said Jim, 'we thought you'd been showing strange symptoms of late, but we didn't think you'd got so far as to be ready for the asylum.'

Parthenia joined in the laugh that followed, and then explained: 'It's not quite so bad as that, Jim. Through good Dr. Richmond, I have secured a position as attendant in the insane hospital at Conway. Don't look so horrified,' she added, as her mother turned away with a shudder. 'You have given your consent to my taking a medical course, if I can earn it by my own efforts. This is the only avenue open. While it is not what I should have chosen, I am determined to make it a stepping-stone to something higher. Besides, Dr. Richmond is engaged there, and has promised to assist me in my study. He says the experience I shall gain at the hospital will prove invaluable later in my professional work.'

'Well, I have said my say,' said her father, resuming his paper; 'I ain't goin' to take nothin' back, but it beats my time!'

The boys took the whole affair as a practical joke, and teased 'Doc.' unmercifully.

A week later, Parthenia left her quiet home for the first time, to face the world. Upon reaching the hospital, she went at once to the receiving ward, where Dr. Richmond, assisted by another physician, was classifying new patients according to the form and severity of their mental troubles. The head hall-girl stood by, and, with the physicians' advice, assigned each patient to a suitable ward. They were a motley lot, from all ranks of society. Parthenia never forgot those first scenes. In one corner stood a woman who kept up a continuous motion of walking, without moving from her place, scolding savagely if approached. Near by stood another, a fine-looking woman, holding a huge rag baby in her arms, which, she told Parthenia, was just four months old. Still another knelt with saint-like expression on her upturned face. As the girl stood and looked upon these poor, unfortunate creatures, once happy, useful members of society, but then shut out from all save their own delusions, her heart went out in pity and intense longing to help restore them to their lost estate, which grew as she came to know individual cases. At first, she was at a loss to know how to treat her patients, but soon learned to enter into their fancies, like playing 'keep house' with children. There was among them a pretty young girl who had been ambitious and had over-studied. Instead of a commencement-hall and admiring friends, her place was in a cell, with strange nurses. Lovingly did Parthenia minister to the dear girl.

Every spare moment off duty was spent studying medicine. Dr. Richmond, true to his word, took great pains to show her interesting cases of mental and physical disorders, and in many ways helped her to clinical experiences which were of the highest value. Every penny of wages was hoarded. Other girls bought pretty dresses and bright ribbons, saying they worked hard and meant to enjoy their earnings. Parthenia liked pretty, girlish things, but loved her work better, and nothing tempted her to waste a moment or spend a cent unnecessarily.

Her training in the hospital, to her joy and surprise, accredited her the second year to enter a medical college. A delightful year spent in study exhausted all the money she had saved, and necessitated her return to hospital work. Then another year of work followed one of study, with only snatches of home-visits, until the glad day came—the day to which she had looked forward through all the years of hard work and stern economy, when she received her diploma, and went home, happy and triumphant. Father, mother, Jim and Sam turned out to welcome her, each heart filled with pride for the brave girl, and all she had accomplished, even though not entirely approving her profession.

Next came the trying time of 'getting a start.' Parthenia worked on through criticism and ridicule, openly or secretly given, until Dr. Richmond, long convinced of her worth, decided to receive her into partnership. He was getting old and felt the need of a capable young physician, such as he was sure Parthenia would become. By faithful, earnest, untiring effort, she slowly broke down the prejudice of her country-people against a woman doctor. Failing in health, Dr. Richmond almost ceased to visit patients and Parthenia continued his large practice, fulfilling her dream of usefulness, going into homes of poverty and sickness, ministering to both soul and body.

Sam and Jim married and settled in homes of their own. Her father and mother, left alone, decided to leave the farm and go into town to be with and make a home for Parthenia. Mr. Goodwin never tires of praising his 'girl-doctor.' 'And she's done it all herself,' he says, proudly, 'and she didn't have nothin' to begin with, nothin' but grit.'

Other People's Money.

Other people would do well to cultivate the very highest sense of honor in regard to money matters, and never, under any circumstances, use money not absolutely their own. It is hardly possible to be over-particular in this respect. The writer knows of a young man who is treasurer of the funds of a religious society. One evening when he was going home from the church he found himself on the car without even the five cents required for his car-fare. He had in his pocket several dollars in cash which he had received at the church for the society of which he was treasurer. To the average mind there would have been nothing wrong in the young man taking five cents of the money in his possession and replacing it when he reached home. But he had such positive convictions regarding the matter, and was so determined never to use money not actually his own, that he left the car and walked two miles to his home rather than use even for a few minutes money that did not belong to him.

'I think that you were more particular than wise,' said a friend of the young man's.

'I do not feel that way about it,' was the reply. 'I have never used a cent that did not belong to me, and I am afraid that if I should do so once, I would find it easier to do so a second time, and still easier a third time, till it might finally become a habit that would get me into trouble.'

'That is a remote and contingent probability not at all likely to result from the using of five cents for a car fare,' said the friend, rather lightly.

'That may be true, but remote probabilities sometimes become realities with surprising rapidity, and it is safest and best to steer clear of them. I would have walked ten miles before I would have used the society's money for my car fare.'

Very different was the feeling and action of another treasurer, who, in this instance, happened to be a young girl of eighteen. She was treasurer of the money belonging to the girls' society engaged in Christian work. One day she and a friend were shopping together in the city. The young lady who was treasurer, had spent all but a few cents of her money, when she saw in a window some ribbon that she thought was a 'real bargain.'

'I want four or five yards of just such ribbon as that,' she said; 'I suppose it will be all gone before I come downtown again, and I—Oh, I have four or five dollars in my purse belonging to our society; I can take a dollar of it and put it back when I get my next allowance from Father; can't I?'

'I don't see why not,' said her companion.

And not only the ribbon, but one or two quite unnecessary articles to which the young lady took a fancy, were purchased and paid for with money which was not her own.

The writer remembers that, about five years ago he had charge of the tickets for a concert given for benevolent purposes. The tickets were distributed among a number of young people, who were to sell them, if possible. One young man took ten tickets and sold all of them; but at the end of the three weeks after the concert had taken place, he had failed to turn in the money received for the price of the tickets. A polite note did not receive the courtesy of a reply. Another week passed and he was spoken to about the matter.'

'Well,' he said, 'I was a little short of money the week I sold the tickets, and I used the money; but, of course, I'll return it. I'll hand it to you next week.'

The next week he paid one dollar of the five he had received for the tickets. Another month passed and he was asked for the four dollars still due, whereupon he became very indignant, and wanted to know if we thought he was a thief. He closed a very angry tirade by saying:

'I guess I've done enough for the society that gave the concert for it not to make any fuss, if I didn't return any of the money for those few tickets!'

This view of the matter evidently satisfied his conscience, for he never paid the remaining four dollars due, and a few months later he left the society under a cloud.

'I was not greatly surprised to have a friend say to me a few weeks ago:

'You remember that Will Blank who used to be in our society?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I remember him very well.'

'Well do you know that he was arrested last week for running away with over a thousand dollars which he had collected for a firm he worked for? They say he'll go to the penitentiary for it.'

And that is where he did go. I dare say that he has as fellow-prisoners more than one convict who can trace his downward career back to the hour when he began to have loose ideas about money that did not belong to him.

On the whole, I think that the young man who walked home late at night rather than use five cents of the money that did not belong to him, chose a wise and safe course. It was a course which, if staunchly adhered to all his life, will keep him so strictly honest, that no shame nor sorrow can ever come to him through the wrong use of money.

It would be well for every boy or girl who may read this to resolve right now never to use in any way, for any length of time, a penny belonging to others. Such a resolution adhered to through life may save you great sorrow and shame.—'Forward.'

The Laplanders.

The Laps, or Laplanders, are a people who inhabit the northern part of European Russia. Many of them live entirely in tents, though the winters are extremely cold, and into these tents, which are only the height of a tall man, and about five or six feet across, an entire family will stow itself away, and will even find room for the dogs (sometimes as many as twenty)

who guard their reindeer. In the middle of all they make their fire, and, although some of the smoke from it escapes from the top of the tent, the greater part remains inside; and so between smoke and fire, dogs, papa, mamma and the babies, the tent is usually pretty well filled up.

The Laplanders live upon the reindeer, and not only eat its flesh, and dress themselves in its skin, and make their tents out of its skin, but make cheese from its milk.

The reindeer are everything to the Laplanders, and are of the greatest use to them in dragging their sledges, which commonly weigh, with their loads, two hundred and forty pounds.

They will drag such sledges as much as one hundred and fifty miles in a day, and sometimes more; and with a light sledge they have been known to travel for a short distance at the rate of nineteen miles per hour, which is faster than some railway-trains run in England.

At St. Petersburg the River Neva is frozen over completely during the winter, and people can drive and go about it as they please. It is a busy scene on the ice, and amongst the regular sights are always to be seen some Lap families, who come and set up their reindeer tents on the frozen river, and sleep on the ice in their reindeer skins, and have their living reindeer round about them.—'Child's Companion.'

Joe's Bunny.

(By Miss Elizabeth Nunemacher, in New York 'Observer.')

Little Joe Priest was about to make his first visit away from home without his mother. Joe's father had a few days' business in Decatur and he thought it a good time for small Joe to gain a little experience. Joe's mother did not want him to go. Joe was only six years old, and with all her confidence in Mr. Priest, Mrs. Priest thought Joe much better at home under her own care. Neither did little Joe want very much to go, when he thought of leaving mother all alone. Joe was a great mother-boy. So his father had often to remind him how pleasant it would be to travel on the cars together; how they would stay at a big hotel and see a new city. He also told Joe that they would be in Decatur long enough for him to write his mother a letter and tell her all about their adventures.

Another strong reason for Joe's not longing to leave home just then was that he had a pet rabbit, which he had had only a few days. Joe thought it hard to part so soon with 'Bunny,' before they were well acquainted. Bunny was the first pet Joe had ever possessed. When Mr. Bock, the kind grocery keeper at the corner, wanted to give Bunny to Joe, Mrs. Priest did not want Joe to have him. She talked to Joe about how little and young the bunny was to leave its mother, and how sad the poor little rabbit's mother would feel without her furry baby. But Joe wanted the bunny and could not feel the force of his mother's reasoning. He was sure that he would take good care of him and feed him well, and what more could any bunny want? So Bunny became his own and Joe was happy.

On the afternoon before Joe left home, his friend, Wells Howard, came over to see the bunny. With Wells came a larger boy, named George. Joe proudly led them out to the little pen he had made for the pet, but no rabbit was to be seen. Bunny had burrowed into Joe's sand-pile to hide his loneliness. They soon searched him out, however, and in turn each of the boys had to hold the rabbit and stroke his long ears and brown back and laugh at his pert little 'cottontail.' But Bunny did not feel at home with boys, and as George held him he drew in his breath sharply and slipped swiftly through George's fingers. Like a flash Bunny sprang to the fence and darted between two pickets. But his choice was unfortunate. Between the pickets two sharp nails projected, and they tore Bunny's pretty fur and the tender flesh all along his little body on both sides. The poor little fellow fled no further, but crouched without the fence, a bleeding, pitiful object.

Poor Joe and the other boys ran to the wounded, frightened animal, and when Joe saw what had happened to his pet he wailed loudly:

'Mother! mother!' Mrs. Priest came at once, and when she saw the bunny her worst fears were realized. She wished very much that she had persuaded Joe to allow it to remain with its mother. It was so badly mangled that the case seemed almost hopeless, but Mrs. Priest tenderly replaced the torn flesh and bathing it in some healing ointment, bound Bunny's sides up in soft bandages.

Joe and Wells got some cotton and made a soft bed for the poor little creature, and it lay very still, as if badly hurt. Joe's play was over for that afternoon, and the boys soon went away. Joe could only sit and talk to his mother about how soon Bunny would be well, and the tears kept stealing over his round cheeks as he thought of the terrible accident.

Next morning early, when Joe and his father hurried away to the train, Joe's last words to his mother were: 'Please make the bunny well, and feed him.' So Mrs. Priest at once went to see how Bunny fared. She tenderly stroked his fur and tried to feed him. But Bunny, looking too weak and sick to turn his head, glanced at her from under sadly drooping ears, moved his tail the least little bit, and turned over on his side and died.

Wells felt very sorry for Joe when he learned the fate of the little rabbit, and he planned to soothe Joe's grief by treating Bunny's body with due honor and respect. Mrs. Priest found a small wooden box, and together they wrapped Bunny softly about with pink tissue paper. Then Wells and George dug a little grave in the garden, and in the afternoon they buried Bunny. Joe's friends Helen and Margaret came and brought pink verbenas and covered the box with them. Then they all gathered about and Wells made a few touching remarks upon Bunny's short life.

Said he, earnestly and solemnly, pointing his words with a small white fore-finger: 'This was Joe's Bunny. He was a good bunny, as good a bunny as you could find anywhere. He was a very young, little bunny, and he left his mother. He died a-running through a fence, where some ugly nails tore his sides open, and we were all sorry. He was in the sand-pile, and we chased him out. He was frightened, and that was why he ran through the fence without looking. We weren't a-going to hurt him any, but he was scared. He bled very much. Joe will cry. Poor little Bunny.'

And Joe did cry. When he got his mother's letter, telling all about it as tenderly as she could, Joe sat down in the middle of the floor with the letter in his hands and cried and cried, nor could he be appeased. Not even the honors Bunny's dead body had received helped his father in offering comfort. He hardly cared to hear that Wells had made a little tombstone, which bore the inscription in very jagged letters: 'Joe's Bunny. Died April 7, 1897.' He only wished that he had never, never left his home. And to this day Bunny's name brings great tears to Joe's brown eyes, for Joe has a tender little heart.

How Tom Kept Warm.

Tom had to sleep in the barn. The barn had tons of dry hay in it and was warmly built. That is, it was warm for a barn, but as there was never any fire in it, of course it was cold in winter.

Tom was warmly clad. He had a fur coat that reached from his head to his feet. It was his ears and toes that suffered most.

The reason why Tom slept in the barn was because he had work to do there. Thieves had been carrying off the grain, and it became his business to guard it. He was the night watchman.

Dark? Yes, it was dark; but Tom never cared a straw for that. He just opened his eyes wide, and found that he could see well, even in the dark. Tom's eyes were sharp, and his claws—oh, did I fail to mention it? Tom was a cat. Of course he was. I knew that all the time, didn't you? What I was going to say about his claws was that they were sharp, too. Many a thieving mouse found that out to his sorrow.

But I started out to tell you how Tom kept warm, and I am getting off the track. Bess was the name of a kind old cow that slept in the same barn. She may have noticed how faithfully Tom guarded her feed. Perhaps she wondered why he never ate any instead of saving it all for her.

At any rate, Bess was very friendly to Tom. She often gave an inviting 'Moo' when he came near. But that was a word not to be found in any cat dictionary, and he was slow to understand it.

But one cold night when Tom's ears were beginning to tingle he crept close up to Bess. She was lying down at the time, and he found a very cozy place near her shoulders, almost under the warm, furry neck. The cow said 'Moo' in her gentlest tone; and the cat purred softly in reply.

After that Tom never allowed his ears to suffer with cold. He knew just where he could warm them. He learned how to warm his toes, too. He did this by sitting on the cow's back. In the mornings, when the man went to feed the cow, he often found the cat sitting there.

Bess always thought that Tom was the gentlest of creatures. If a hundred mice had told her that he was cruel, and had sharp claws, she would not have believed one word of it. She always supposed that the toes, so often felt on her back, were nothing but little bunches of the softest fur. You see she and Tom were good friends, and that made a world of difference.—Charles L. Hill, in 'Youth's Companion.'

The Master of the House.

He cannot walk, he cannot speak,
  Nothing he knows of books and men;
He is the weakest of the weak,
  And has not strength to hold a pen.
He has no pocket, and no purse,
  Nor ever yet has owned a penny;
But has more riches than his nurse,
  Because he wants not any.

He rules his parents by a cry,
  And holds them captive by a smile;
A despot, strong, through infancy,
  A king, from lack of guile.
He lies upon his back and crows,
  Or looks with grave eyes on his mother;
What can he mean? But I suppose
  They understand each other.

Indoors or out, early or late,
  There is no limit to this sway;
For wrapt in baby robes of state,
  He governs night and day.
Kisses he takes a rightful due,
  And, Turk-like, has his slaves to dress him,
His subjects bend before him, too,
  I'm one of them. God bless him.
—John Dennis, in the 'Spectator.'

LESSON X.—June 3.

The Twelve Sent Forth.

Matt ix., 35 to x., 8. Memory verses, 36-28.

(May be used as a lesson for Pentecost.)

Read Matthew ix., 35 to xi., 1: Mark iv., 35 to v., 21: Acts i., 8; ii., 1-21.

Daily Readings.

M. The Field. Mt. ix., 35-38.
T. The Favor. Mt. x., 5-15.
W. Prospect. Mt. x., 16-25.
T. Fear not. Mt. x., 26-42.
F. The Times. Acts i., 1-8.
S. Scattered. Acts viii., 1-8.

Golden Text.

It is not ye that speak but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you. Mt. x., 20.

Lesson Text.

(35) And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues and preachin the gospel of the kingdom and healing every sickness and every disease among the people. (36) But when he saw the multitude, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd. (37) Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; (38) Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest. (1) And when he had called unto him his twelve disciples, he gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease. (2) Now the names of the twelve apostles are these: The first, Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother; James the son of Zebedee; and John his brother; (3) Philip and Bartholomew ; Thomas and Matthew, the publican; James the son of Alphaeus, and Lebbaeus, whose surname was Thaddaeus; (4) Simon the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed him. (5) These twelve Jesus sent forth, and commanded them saying, Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the samaritans enter ye not; (6) But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. (7) And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. (8) Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give. (9) Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses. (10) Nor 'script' for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves; for the workman is worthy of his meat.

Lesson Hymn.

'He was not willing that any should perish,
Jesus enthroned in the glory above,
Saw our poor fallen world, pitied our sorrows,
Poured out His life for us—wonderful love!'

Perishing, perishing! Thronging our pathway,
Hearts break with burdens too heavy to bear,
Jesus would save—but there's no one to tell them,
No one to lift them from sin and despair.

'He was not willing that any should perish,
Clothed in our flesh with its sorrow and pain,
Came He to seek the lost, comfort the mourner,
Heal the heart broken with sorrow and shame:

Perishing, perishing! Harvest is passing,
Reapers are few and the night draweth nigh;
Jesus is calling thee, haste to the reaping.
Thou shalt have souls, precious souls for thy hire.

Plenty for pleasure, but little for Jesus;
Time for the world with its follies and toys,
No time for Jesus's work, feeding the hungry,
Lifting lost souls to eternity's joys.

Perishing, perishing! Hark how they call us:
'Bring us your Saviour, Oh, tell us of Him!
We are so weary, so heavily laden,
And with long watching our eyes have grown dim.'

He is not willing that any should perish,
Am I His follower, and can I live
Longer at ease with a soul going downward.
Lost!—for the lack of the help I might give?

Perishing, perishing! Thou art not willing.
Master, forgive, and inspire us anew:
Banish our worldliness, help us to ever
Live with eternity's values in view.
—L. R. Meyer, in 'Hymns of Christian Life.'

Suggestions.

Our Lord took his disciples on a tour of the cities and villages of Galilee, this was the third evangelizing tour that he had made, preaching and teaching about the Kingdom of God and setting forth its power by mighty works of healing.

But though the multitudes flocked to see and hear the Lord Jesus they could not possibly all be reached by his own voice and personal influence. His heart ached for them, he saw them wandering about hungry and thirsty in soul trying to satisfy their hearts with one thing and another in life, but finding only the bitter ashes of disappointment and remorse inside the fairest fruits of sin and self-pleasing. He saw them wandering as sheep that had no shepherd and growing weary and worn in their futile seeking of the fold. And our Saviour's great heart of love ached for their sorrows, yearning that the hungry and thirsty souls might be brought to know him who is the Living Water and the Bread of Life. (John vi., 35.) Longing that the wandering sheep should find the Good Shepherd who would lay down his own life to save them. (John x., 14-16.)

Our Saviour sees the possibilities of each life, the stony ground, the barren tree may be made fruitful by receiving his life. The tares may be regenerated and turned into golden grain, the rough pebble may become a sparkling diamond, the selfish sinful soul may become pure and holy, the weak may be made strong, through the power of the cleansing blood and the indwelling presence of Christ. The world is like a great harvest field, in every corner of it there are souls ready to be gathered into the kingdom of God if only they could hear the blessed invitation. Souls are ready to be gathered into the kingdom. This does not mean that they are ripe Christians, ready for heaven, but simply that they are ripe for the message of salvation. Souls are hungry and thirsty and seeking to satisfy themselves with pleasures, or with works, or with the cares of this world, they want rest and peace but they do not know how to get it, they scarcely know what they want, but they are restless, dissatisfied, hungry. They can only be satisfied with Christ—but who is to present him to them so that they may accept him and find rest and peace? The laborers are few. The right kind of laborers are those whom God has sent forth, those who are so filled with the Holy Spirit and so filled with love to God, and the lost souls for whom Jesus died, that they cannot but go forth to proclaim the glad tidings.

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest. If we cannot go we must pray that others will be sent, pray that God will raise up workers and that God's children may support those workers. Study the needs of the different mission fields that you may pray intelligently. If you can go, if you are one of the laborers God sends forth, you will pray all the more because you will see the needs so much more clearly, and your own heart will throb with compassion for the multitude as does the heart of Jesus. When the disciples prayed that laborers should be thrust forth, they themselves were at once sent forth to proclaim the gospel to all Israel. Their first work was to be for their own people (Matt. x., 5, 6), but later they were bidden to preach the gospel to the Gentiles and to the nations of the whole world. (Matt. xxviii., 18-20. Acts i., 8.)

The Twelve Apostles.

(From 'Peloubet's Select Notes.')

There is not time nor space in teaching this lesson to give the history of each of the twelve, but only some general observations which will prove instructive.

Simon . . . called Peter (the rock), and Andrew, were brothers, and among the first five disciples of Jesus (John i., 35-45). James . . . . and John were also brothers, and named by Jesus, Boanerges, sons of thunder, probably describing 'their fiery, vehement temperament.'—Gould, in Int. Crit. Com. Yet John so controlled this temperament that he was 'the disciple whom Jesus loved,' and had the deepest insight into Jesus's heart. These first four called were fishermen.

Bartholomew is undoubtedly the Nathanael of John i., 45. James is the modernized form of Jacob. Lebbaeus is the same as Thaddaeus, and as Judas (Jude) the son of James (R.V.), in Luke vi., 16.

Simon the Canaanite means not 'of Canaan,' nor 'of Cana,' but 'the Zealot,' 'a party of fanatic nationalists among the Jews, leaders of the national revolt against the foreign yoke.'—Gould. Judas Iscariot, i. e., man of Kerioth, a town in Judah. Hence he was the only one of the disciples who was not a Galilean.

These twelve common men, fishermen, a publican, a Zealot, are a very interesting and helpful study, as we see them becoming apostles of world-wide influence, foundation stones of the kingdom of God. The charcoal was changed into diamonds. They had their faults, but the faults were flaws in a jewel, not the crudeness of charcoal.

'Jesus chose twelve disciples, that every man, in all time, might find himself represented among the apostles. The doubter finds himself in Thomas; the fierce, hot-headed, quick-tempered man finds himself in John, the son of thunder; the opinionated, impulsive man in Peter; the hard-headed, practical man, desiring the first place in the kingdom, in James, etc. We are all there. And to all of us can come like fitness, worthy of apostleship.'—By. H. W. Warren. All kinds of men can become Christians; all kinds can serve the Lord in some good way. This great variety in Christians enables Christianity to meet the vast variety of men in the world. But all were one in heart, in the love of Jesus, in seeking the higher life, in building up the kingdom of heaven. But this variety gave them power. It takes many colors to make up the white light of the sun. It takes many kinds of food to build up the healthiest and strongest bodies. It takes many tones of harmonies to make an anthem. It takes a great variety of instruments to form an orchestra.

C. E. Topic.

June.—How to be a good neighbor. Luke 10: 25-37.

Junior C. E Topic.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Mon., May 28.—How to help others. James ii., 15, 16.

Tue., May 29.—The meaning of neighborliness. Gal. vi., 10.

Wed., May 30.—True religion. Isa. lviii., 6, 7.

Thur., May 31.—Law and love. Rom. xiii., 10.

Fri., June 1.—Love always serves. I. Cor. xiii., 5.

Sat., June 2.—What Jesus is to us. I. Peter ii., 24.

Sun., June 3.—Topic—What do you learn from the good Samaritan? Luke x., 25-37.

It may seem to be a trifle for a teacher to remain behind, after school, for a fifteen minutes' talk with a member of his class, but great good comes as the result of such interviews between pupil and teacher. Sometimes the subject of the conversation is the pupil's lack of attention to the lesson; sometimes it is an appeal for the pupil to consecrate himself to the Lord. Whatever may be talked about, it is no trifling matter when the teacher prayerfully makes use of his opportunity in this respect. It may seem to be trifling to be punctual, to be regular, to speak a kind word to the pupil out of school, to write to or to select reading-matter for him; but the difference between a successful teacher and an unsuccessful one is frequently due to these so-called trifles.—A. H. McKinney, New York City.

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XIII.—EFFECT OF ALCOHOL UPON THE TEMPERATURE AND STRENGTH.

1. Q.—Do any of the alcoholic drinks increase the warmth of the body?

A.—They do not.

2. Q.—Why is there a feeling of warmth when alcoholic liquor is first taken?

A.—The warm blood is sent rapidly to the surface, but no fresh heat is produced.

3. Q.—What follows?

A.—The bringing of the blood to the surface causes it to cool faster in the cold air outside and a chilly feeling follows.

4. Q.—Why are men who drink more liable to get frost bitten?

A.—Because they do not feel the cold while it is doing its freezing work.

5. Q.—What does Dr. Hayes, the great Arctic explorer say about alcohol?

A.—That fat is an absolute necessity to the people of the Arctic region, but alcohol is useless and positively injurious.

6. Q.—What else does he say?

A.—That he has known strong, able-bodied men unable to resist cold on account of using alcoholic drinks.

7. Q.—What did Dr. McRea, another Arctic explorer, say at the meeting of the American Association for the advancement of Science?

A.—If men drank alcoholic liquors in that cold climate, they could not work.

8. Q.—Can a man who drinks, bear hot weather as well as a man who does not?

A.—No; drinking men suffer more in hot weather, and are more liable to sun-stroke.

9. Q.—Why?

A.—Because sun-stroke affects the brain, which in drunkards is always congested.

(To be Continued.)

Beer and Farm Work.

('Union Gospel News.')

The 'Practical Farmer' gives one man's account of how he went through the harvest without beer, as follows:

'Oh, Fred,' said my wife one day, just before harvest, 'if you will do without beer the coming harvest I will wait on you like a king, and the money saved will help us to buy a cow, which I have so longed to own these many years.' 'Agreed,' said I. So on the following Monday I settled with Farmer Jones what I was to receive per acre for cutting, binding and stacking his grain. Before I left him I said 'I am going to try to do without beer this harvest, and I thought perhaps you would allow me a trifle in place of it.'

'Do without beer!' said he, sharply. 'What then is to become of the barrel of beer I have purchased for my workmen?'

'I suppose the others will make away with that,' I replied.

'I don't like your new-fangled ideas and think you will regret your decision long before harvest is over; but desiring to know how it will work, I will, as an experiment, allow you five dollars in place of beer, but mind you, no slighting of your work, Fred.'

It was with a heavy heart I started to reap the grain on June 1. This day was especially hot and sultry, and I was afraid I would break down before evening, but such was not the case.

As I always left my employer to make up the accounts, merely looking through them afterwards, I believe I can best describe my experience by relating my talk with him when he paid me the last evening. On my entering his kitchen he addressed me as follows, his face expressing great satisfaction:

'Why, Fred, you have earned a third more than either of my other men. How is it?'

I replied, 'Yes, sir; and I have never found harvesting as easy before, and it certainly has not been on account of favorable weather, for we never had a hotter time.'

'That is true,' he replied, as he handed me my wages, and then added: 'I never paid any one with a better heart than I pay you this. I looked very closely after your work and found it equal to any on my farm, but how you have managed to do without beer is a mystery to me.'

'Why,' I answered, 'my wife is one of those W.C.T.U. women and she has often asked me to quit beer drinking. So just before harvest commenced I made a promise to her and she a promise to me, so during harvest she has constantly brought me plenty of hot coffee, cocoa and tea, as I needed it.

'I have perspired far less through not taking beer, and felt much stronger and better able to work. The temptation to remain long at meals has been less and my health has much improved. Why, when several of your hands were knocked out the first week, it was more on account of the beer than the heat.'

My employer made me a hearty reply and I left him feeling well pleased with the impression that a teetotaler can do his work as well, or better, than the beer-drinker: at the same time his workman can buy himself and wife a good cow with the extra money earned and saved during harvest.

Correspondence

Cape Wolfe, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am finding the texts of the 'Find-the-Place Almanac,' and intend doing so throughout the year. I would like my name on the 'Messenger' Honor Roll of Bible Searchers. You ask what we do with our 'Messengers' after reading them. I send mine to a cousin in New Brunswick.

A. GLADYS C., aged 16.

Alma, Lot 3, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years old on the eighth of next month (May). I go to school every day. We have a mile and a quarter to go. I am in the fifth reader. I have two pigeons. The hawk took one, and two days after the male pigeon flew away and got another mate, and now she has her nest built. I have two brothers and one sister.

F., aged 13.

Granville Ferry, Annapolis Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in a small village on the Annapolis river, which in summer is very pretty. My father is a retail dry goods merchant, and I like to be in the store. I am in the eighth grade. Our teacher's name is Mr. A. H. Armstrong. I like him very well. I have no pets, but have a good time playing ball and so on. 'Black Rock' is a lovely story. There are three Churches here, the Church of England, Methodist and Baptist. I go to the Methodist.

A. W. A., age 11 and a half years.

Midlothian, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sabbath-school and get the 'Messenger.' I like the stories in it very much. I live on a farm. I have a dog and cat, three sheep and three calves. I am in the Part II. book. When the snow has a hard crust on it, my little friend, Florence, and I go coasting down the hills. I enjoy it very much.

E. C., aged 7.

Trilby, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. We live six miles from Charlottetown. I went there twice with my mother. It is a nice city. I have two sisters and four brothers. My oldest sister's name is Fannie, and my other sister's name is Matie. I am in the second reader. We have two teachers in our school. I like my teacher. Her name is Miss Henderson. We are quite near the school. I live on a farm and have lots of horses and cows, pigs and hens, and I am never lonesome.

N. H. H., aged 7.

Carman, Man.

Dear Editor,—Papa and mamma and I went to St. Paul for Christmas and New Year. I have an uncle and an aunt. Their names are Mr. and Mrs. Ross. I have a cousin in St. Paul. Her name is Cassie. Uncle Ross has a very nice little dog, I like him very much. His name is Tody. Uncle Ross took us all over the city, to see all the principal buildings, and to see all the principal stores. I bought a very pretty doll. I call her Dorothy. I live in Carman, Man., myself, on a farm.

B. S., aged 10.

Arlington, Henry Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy. I am ten years old. I tend the barn. I have seven cattle to attend to. I like horses. We have three horses. I take music lessons from my sister. I go to school. I can ride on horseback.

Z. P. E. P.

Rounthwaite, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and three brothers. I belong to the Home Mission Band, and I made $4 for it last year. I am very fond of reading, and I have read a lot of books this year. I do ont go to school, as I am not strong enough. I have a pet cat, and I call her Munty. She is yellow, and in the summer she follows me all around.

E. E., aged 11.

Arlington, Hx. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl thirteen years old. My birthday is on Oct. 22. I have a brother and no sister. One of my cousins is staying with us. My father is a lumberman and merchant. We keep the post-office. We have three horses. I can ride horseback a little. I like horses. We have three cats. Their names are Sue, Swan and Fern. I take music lessons. I wish Violet W would write to me.

A. C. P., aged 13.

East Pubnico.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school, and am in the third grade. I keep at the head of my class. My teacher's name is Miss Nickerson. I like her very much. I have two brothers and three sisters. They are all away from home but one sister. Her name is Flossie. We stay at home and help mamma. My papa is a fisherman. The train goes close to our house. We live about thirty miles from the town of Yarmouth. I have a cow named Rosy, and a calf called Dewey. My sister has a pet cat, named Polly.

R. C. G.

Pineville, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—I live on a small farm of fifteen acres. I have three brothers and two sisters and a mother. My papa died a year ago last December. I go to Walton to church and Sunday-school. I go to the Congregational Church. I live four miles from church. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Ada Morris. I like her very much and also my school teacher. Her name is Miss Katherine Doig, of Walton. We have never taken the 'Messenger' before, but we have had it to read for a year. One of our neighbors gave it to us to read and now she has made my youngest sister a present of it. She is a very kind lady.

C. C., aged 12.

Canfield.

Dear Editor,—The regular attendance at our Sunday-school is about seventy five. There has been very good skating this winter, and I enjoyed myself when I could go out and skate an hour before breakfast on the creek. I like to go out fishing in the summer to the river. It is three miles away. My father drives out and I go with him, sometimes mother goes too. I have a nice white cat. I call it Jake. I feed it warm milk every day in cold weather. I live close to the school and go every day except when I have a cold. My teacher's name is Mr. C. Kerr, and I like him very much. I am in the third book, and expect to pass for the fourth this summer.

L. B., aged 10.

Moncton, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live in Moncton. I have not very far to go to school. The Petitcodiac river, which is noted for the 'bore,' is in Moncton. The 'bore' is a great wave, which comes up ahead of the tide. Hundreds of people come to Moncton to see the 'bore.' I am in the sixth grade. Miss Forge is my teacher.

I. S. MacK., aged 11.

Leitches Creek, C.B.

Dear Editor,—My brother has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for two months, and I like it very much. We live on a farm of seventy-five acres, and there is a big pine tree at the corner of our house. I have four brothers and five sisters. I am the youngest in the family, and we live two miles from the railway. I go to school and my teacher's name is Miss McLeod.

J. N., aged 8.

HOUSEHOLD.

How About the Cellar.

Dust-laden carpets and curtains, and soiled wall paper, are a menace to health that the housewife 'who looketh well to the ways of her household' is sure to appreciate. But a cellar that is not dry, well ventilated and free from decaying fruit or vegetables, is a far more serious one; and the very first attack in the spring campaign of home renovation should be made against it.

It has time and again been scientifically proved that the quality of the air which is breathed in the first story of a house depends very largely on the condition of the cellar; consequently little benefit can be derived from the most thorough renovation above ground if the cellar is, from any cause, unwholesome.

Have the banking removed from every window and the door, and during the middle or sunny or windy days, when there is no risk of freezing, open windows opposite each other and create a strong current of air that will rout microbes, foul air and dampness. Unless the cellar is an actual disease-breeder, this will insure a fair degree of safety until the weather is mild enough to give it a thorough cleaning and disinfecting.

Choose a sunny day, and have no 'cast-iron' plans that compel you to make a farce of purifying a cellar on any other kind of a day. Have every movable thing, especially every board and stringer that lies on a ground floor, carried out of doors, thoroughly swept and scrubbed on every side, and left in the sun and wind until perfectly dry. Indeed the least thing in decaying wood should not be returned at all. There is no safety in any other course. Thoroughly sweep the ceiling, walls and floor. Give the walls two coats of fresh, strong whitewash, and when the last wash is dry, sweep the floor thoroughly, especially close to the walls, to dislodge any germs that were brushed from the walls in the process of whitewashing. On no account neglect the limewash, for aside from its incomparable disinfecting qualities and attractive whiteness, it kills whatever fungi have formed upon the walls.

Copperas is the best-known germ-killer and deodorizer, and has the added merit of being inexpensive. Dissolve a pound in a large pailful of boiling water and sprinkle it freely under every bin and platform, and in the dark corners. If there is no cement floor, and a board walk is to be laid in the most used places, the entire floor should be saturated with copperas or some other germ-killing solution.

In cleaning the woodwork, use soap and scalding hot water freely, not neglecting an inch of wood that can be reached.

If the under side of damp stationary bins and platforms cannot be thoroughly scrubbed or saturated with copperas solution, fumigate them with sulphur after the rest is clean and before bringing in anything in the shape of edibles.

This is most easily done with sulphur candles, but it is less expensive to use sulphur in bulk and hot coals. Close every window and door (excepting those opening into closets or adjacent rooms where you wish the fumes to enter), set a coal hod in the middle of the room, and if any bins or platforms are high enough to prevent risk of fire, put pans underneath them, cover the bottom of some with live coals, scatter sulphur over and make a hasty exit, stuffing even the key-hole in the door at head of stairs with cotton batting. Keep it closed until the next day; then open the windows and doors and air out thoroughly before moving in.—'The Country Gentleman.'

A Good Enterprise.

The Clothing and House-Furnishing Bureau, of Pittsburg, is an enterprise founded four year ago by some good churchwomen for the benefit of their poorer neighbors, which other cities may well imitate. Cast-off clothing and second-hand furniture are received from those who have no further use for them, and put into such good condition as is possible, and then sold to worthy persons who are known to the management and their friends. Mrs. F. A. Sawyer, in her report, says: 'The prices are moderate and the articles are often very good. A bunch of tape for a penny, a cooking stove for a dollar, a bed a hair brush, a wash tub, a suit of clothes, a warm bed comforter, a pair of old shoes, a cradle, a penny bundle of pieces of new cloth, muslin or calico, much in demand, give but a faint indication of the variety sold. The purchasers are needy, and many buy these things who would not seek charity, nor accept it. One mother told the writer that for two years her children could not have gone to school but for the clothes and the shoes she had been able to buy of the Bureau.' The money received from these sales has amounted to nearly $1,000 in four years, and has been used to give employment to poor women. The store is open every Saturday afternoon.

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'